

# The Middletown Transcript.

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NO. 2

## Miscellaneous Ad'ts.

ELLIOTT, JOHNSON & CO.,  
Bankers and Brokers.

WILMINGTON, - - - DELAWARE.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO TELEGRAPHIC ORDERS IN STOCKS, BONDS, &c., WHICH ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION, EITHER, EITHER MARGIN OR FOR INVESTMENT IN NEW YORK OR PHILADELPHIA. WE HAVE THE PRIVATE WIRE, EXCHANGING FROM THE NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA STOCK EXCHANGES, ENABLING US TO FURNISH QUOTATIONS SIMILARLY AS THE SALES ARE MADE.

WE HAVE \$100,000 TO LOAN ON GOOD FIRST-CLASS MORTGAGES AT 5 PER CENT PER ANNUM.

GOVERNMENT BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. MORTGAGES CAREFULLY NEGOTIATED.

## Story.

### A CONTROVERSY WITH CUPID.

"Little wretch! I hate him. We have never had a moment's peace since he took possession of the house," declared Polly Patten, with a stamp of her foot.

The "he" referred to was not, as might be supposed, a tramp or a sheriff's officer, not even a poor relation, or an Irish butler, or a heathen Chinese. Not at all. The object of Polly's wrath was a personage lifted up, as it would seem, by virtue of his position, above human criticism as above human rules, a myth, an unknown entity—no other, in fact, than the little good cupid himself. He and his machinations had of late wrought changes—woful ones, Polly thought—in the constitution of the Patten family; and to her imagination represented all manner of discomfort and discomfiture, the alteration of plans, the blight of hopes—innovations and cross-purposes without end. She felt toward him a good, honest, hearty hostility, as one may toward an opponent of flesh and blood, as she sat in her bedroom, inveigling upon the subject to her special friend Susan Gilmore, who was perched beside her on the broad window-sill.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she went on; "but just wait till you try it yourself. All last year was given up, you know, to marrying Helen. Her kinswoman, and her presents, and her furnishing—for nothing else was thought of or spoken of for twelve long months. The house was choked with her things. We all worked our fingers to the bone. Nobody could turn round without finding a woman and a sewing machine at his back. We never even pretended to hear ourselves speak. Well just as it was all over, and Helen comfortably off our minds, Lizzie must needs set up a lover and a long engagement. John Shaw, too, of all persons! Now I may be dull, but in the name of common sense why John Shaw, of all men in the world?"

"Lizzie knows, I presume."

"Well, perhaps she does; still, it is provoking. Every morning of his life John Shaw looks in for half an hour on his way down town. He and Lizzie absorb the parlor, of course. That is all right, no doubt; but, as it happens, that particular half hour is precisely the one which I used always to take to tidy up the flowers, water and trim, fill the vases, and make the room nice for the day, and the want of it puts me out dreadfully. I sit and twirl my thumbs, and scold to mother, and she never will agree with me. 'Lovers are privileged,' she says.

"Of course they are. Don't be a spoilsport, Polly. It's their turn now. Yours will come."

"Never! But there's more behind. What do you say to Eunice's indulging in an engagement too?"

"Not really?"

"Very really indeed. John Norman is the happy man, this time. Two Johns, you observe, by way of making the confusion greater. So they sit the dining-room every evening, while Lizzie and her John occupy the parlor."

"And where do the rest of you sit?"

"Echo answers. We sit wherever we may. Mother takes her mending upstairs, and has a student-lamp on the round table in the upper entry. Papa shuts himself up in that dreadful little 'den' of his, or goes to the office. I observe that he has business there of evenings much oftener than formerly—because there is no comfortable place for him at home, no doubt. Jim makes a point of being out. As for Amy and me, we sit on the back stairs, or in the butler's pantry, or any other odd corner which nobody else wants." Polly laughed, but there were tears in her brown eyes, and a very mutinous look about the pretty mouth, which John Norman, while in process of sampling the family, to borrow Polly's own phrase, had once likened to beautiful Evelyn Hope's, of the true "geranium red."

"As if all this wasn't enough," she went on presently with a half giggle, half sob, "here is a letter come to-day from Fanny Allen—our cousin, you know—and she is engaged to me; and she proposes to make us a visit, and her young man means to 'drop along,' forsooth, while she is here. Now where they are to sit? I can't imagine, unless they take the air-chamber of the furnace. The front steps are quite too cold at this time. Or I might have the trunk-room cleared out for them; I hadn't thought of that before."

"Polly, you are ridiculous. Your cousin will manage that for herself—see if she doesn't. They will take walks, or something."

"Oh, if they only would! If the whole lot of them would 'take walks,' and keep on walking, and never walk this way, how comfortable it would be! Sue, you are abominably tolerant about such matters. That miserable cupid! I wish I could hold his wings in the candle and burn them off. He never flies in but to do mischief now, and they were to be married in this way."

"Take care; he will hear you, and he is a revengeful creature. I believe him to be the original 'little pitcher with long ears,'" laughed Susan.

"I don't care if he does hear me," asserted Polly defiantly.

Has cupid ears? Certain it is that matters grew worse rather than better for Polly from day forward. Fanny Allen came, and in due time her lover, according to programme, and with the latter a cousin, Mr. Othniel Oliphant, a successful merchant, just home from China for a brief visit. His return was not purely for business pur-

poses. Mr. Oliphant was on the lookout for a wife; and with the prompt decision of a mercantile man, he elected Polly Patten for that position on a two days' acquaintance. A firm believer in the faith that "faint heart never won fair lady," and "nothing venture, nothing have," he offered himself at the end of the week, and quite disengaged by Polly's dismayed "no," sat resolutely down and traced his parallels, resolved to gain by siege what he had failed to win at a *coup* assault. This complication set the seal to Polly's discontents.

"For just imagine what a state of things it makes," she told her confidante Sue. "There they sit—the three sets of ninnies—one in the parlor, one in the dining-room, one in the 'den,' from which poor Papa is turned out bag and baggage; and there is that abominable 'O! O!' (never did man have such suitable initials) looming like doom or a thunder-storm all day long, determined to get me by myself, and 'cultivate my acquaintance.' How can we make him care for me, he says, if he never has the chance to see me alone? It is the most embarrassing, abominable condition of affairs. I seriously meditate running away to teach school—or something. Home is growing unbearable."

A busy afternoon, indeed, did little Amy make for herself, but it was a merry one, and she sang as she worked. Every vase in the room she filled with violets and wild flowers, or apple-blossoms from the just blossomed orchard.

The curtains were pulled to exactly the ideal angle, the chairs regrouped, all the horrid look taken away, Amy thought, as if the room were meant only for two, and for no one else. It was dusk when she finished, and curling up in the sofa corner, she awaited with impatience Polly's return—Polly, who had hated the love-making as much as she had, and would be so pleased. Polly was the one person in the house of whose sympathy Amy felt quite sure.

She was long in coming, but she came at last. Amy heard her step on the porch, and with it another step, louder, firmer. Surely that tiresome John Gilmore was not coming in to spoil everything this first pleasant night.

No; he had come to see Papa. Amy heard him tap at the door of the 'den,' while Polly ran upstairs. He emerged as she came down; there was a long confab in the entry; but at last the front door shut with a delightful emphasis, and Amy jumped up from the sofa to enjoy the effect of her surprise.

"Come in—oh, do come in!" she cried.

"I want you to see if the dear old room doesn't look lovely. I've been all the afternoon doing it, so that it might be nice for our first evening. Isn't it pleasant to have a room to sit in again?"

Aren't you glad that the wedding is over, and all the tiresome love-making, and we can have cozy little times at home like other people? Why, Polly, how queer you look! Don't you like it?"

"What makes you do so?"—for Polly, half tearfully, was kissing and fondling the tax-collector, the politician and the lightning-rod man.

It is an English settlement, chiefly

up of Cornishmen who have the

national disregard of the propriety of

the letter h, which makes the Cockney's

"one never dear to the true Britain."

I certainly never shall forget the effect upon me of a fervent prayer delivered in this fearfully-clipped dialect by a

pious exile who besought the "Hail-

mighty Father to 'ear his prayer."

Though not a pietist it really shocked my orthodox ears. Besides this levity in their aitches, they also speak a frightful lingo, compared with 'pidgin' English, a Greek for euphony, which they style the 'Captain Jack' language. But it was invented long before our hero of the lava beds, I

should say it was called after his well-

remembered, handsome face! It would be nice to stomp' Sir Wm. Jones or Elihu Burritt. I wish I put a yard or so of it in the pocket for the edification of the TRANSCRIPT's readers; but I didn't.

As is well known, Mexico and Peru

were for over three hundred years,

the chief sources of silver for the world.

The mines at Pachuca are among the

richest in the Republic, and were

wrought in ancient times by the Aztecs,

then later by the Spaniards, followed by

the modern Mexicans, whence they have

largely fallen into the hands of foreign

capitalists, principally English. Under

native management their full produc-

tiveness was not realized, so clumsy and

inefficient was the machinery used,

English owners have, in recent years,

introduced more improved methods for

mining and reducing the ore, and the

native workers are beginning to follow

their example to some extent, though

they are still minded by a miserable sys-

tem of peonage, a species of slavery, in

which the miserable wretches of the

lower classes of Mexican Indians labor in

great degradation and poverty.

The common ore is the sulphide of

silver which is reduced in the usual man-

ner by amalgamation. The manner of

mixing the crushed ore with the mer-

cury is a trifle barbarous.

After passing through the several stages of the opera-

tion, the pulverized ore, now wet and

soapy, is thrown upon the ground

within a large inclosure and numbers of

horses are turned into it in order that

by a perpetual walk around in the val-

uable mire they may thoroughly stir the

mass and beget an admixture of the sil-

ver and the mercury. The result, so far

as the poor equines are concerned, is

that they are maimed for life.

Richards, and the mercury till the

water is cold at this time.

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